



VOL. VII.]

New-York....Saturday, May 14....1808.

[NO. 3.]

## SERED AND TEKAH ;

OR,

## THE TWO DERVISES.

*(Concluded.)*

THE following evening, when the sun was departed to the great desert, Sered again took his way along the banks of the Zanderat, musing on the charms of Nour Hali, and meditating designs of possessions.—No wind agitated the foliage, as he silently entered the grove ; cautiously advancing, like the insidious serpent through the sheltering herbage. Before the door he paused to listen : the silver voice of Nour Hali was tuned with peculiar harmony, not in singing pastoral ditties, but in discourse with a voice rougher and more sonorous—“ Ah !” cried Sered to himself : the blood rushing to his face, “ now I shall see what dog is preferred to Sered.” He immediately entered, and the timid maid trembling at his baleful sight, cast herself into the arms of her lover for protection.

“ Quit this place,” cried the young man, in an agitated voice,

“ let not my lord stoop to destroy the tranquility of his servants.”

Sered was nearly choaked with passion, at this familiar remonstrance from one of his own slaves. He paused a moment, then with eyes glowing as the red vapour of the sandy waste, he cried out—“ Nolah, is it you who interfere with the pleasures of your master ? Take that refractory slave to my haram.”

“ She is a free woman,” replied Nolah, “ I dare not offer violence to one of her situation and sex.”

“ Miscreant,” cried Sered, stamping, and grasping his dagger, “ who art thou that despiseth my will ? Stand aside, and let me conduct this reptile.”

So saying, he grasped the maiden by the arm, and was dragging her from the hovel, when her lover unable longer to contain, endeavoured with gentle violence to rescue her. The passion of Sered having blinded his caution, he plunged his dagger in the breast of his slave, who fell prone at the feet of his mistress. Sered was for a moment confounded, and having quitted his grasp of Nour

Hali, she fled with distracted steps from the cottage.

"Shall I lose her thus?" cried he, hastening after her; "what signifies the death of a slave, who dared to impede my will." The flying maid hastened with feet that defied the wind, and perceiving two persons at a distance, she fled forward, sinking exhausted at their feet.—Sered now halted in pursuit, his garments were tinged with the blood of a slave, and self-preservation turned his steps to his palace, where he brooded over his loss, and consoled himself for the outrage with the ideas, that all his perceptions would be lost, when he should have past the present scene of existence.

The persons to whose succour Nour Hali was accidentally obliged, were Tekah and a merchant, whom the beauty of the evening had tempted to wander beyond the precincts of the city. Tekah was instantly struck with the graces of the suppliant, and raising her, with a smile, assured her of protection, and prevailed upon her to take a temporary refuge in his palace.

Having dismissed his friend, Tekah flew to the chamber, where he found the weeping fair. He sought to sooth the grief which swelled her bosom by the kindest expressions; proposing to send to her residence for intelligence, requiring in the interval her participa-

tion in a trifling repast he had ordered of the most delicious viands.

Her beauty every moment impressed itself deeper into his heart. He had hitherto avoided the female sex, lest his attention should be inclined from the accumulation of wealth; but all his resolves now melted away, like the dripping honey from the comb. He hoped, from the account of Nour Hali, that her lover was slain, and he trembled for the return of his messenger with as much anxiety as herself. He came, but his information was obscure, the hut was without inhabitants, and the blood upon the ground remained.

Nour Hali was inconsolable, she flattered herself that her lover was yet alive, and dreaded the increasing warmth of Tekah, whose expressions exceeded the limits of friendship.

For several days she remained imprisoned in the apartments of the women—She was visited alone by Tekah, and his offers were now urged with all the fervour of love, and the softness of a first genuine passion. But professions, sentiments, and all the luxuries his situation, allowed him to supply, made no impression on an heart already attached, and Tekah saw his offers despised and his love rejected.

Education alone had fixed a curb upon his rugged passions. He trembled at crime, not from its



moral turpitude, but the dread of retribution. Here, however was a female, reduced by a singular event, totally without his power; she had rejected his offers of lawful union, and the fever of his mind was not to be allayed with disdain. Lenient measures but increased her opposition, and force he resolved to substitute.

He brooded for several days over this expedient, recoiling from the moment of execution, as he trembled lest the sense of the maid should be impaired by the shock of suspended terror. These considerations changed the medium of his purpose, and substituting a drug, he proposed, when her mind should be absorbed in inanity, to reduce her to his will.

Several days Sered sought in vain for Nour Hali, examining the slave markets, and prying into every abode, nor was her total seclusion less unaccountable than the disappearance of Nolah, whose body had been conveyed away by some secret agent. Unable to forget the beauty of her person, he spent hours on his terrace, which he traversed with painful agitation. Its situation overlooked the gardens of Tekah, and he beheld, in the cool of the evening, a female figure, whose air and mien reminded him of his loss.—Transfixed to the spot, his eyes alone wandered after her, and his doubts gave place to certainty, when her angelic features were discovered

beneath her veil, which the wind agitated at pleasure.

“The wretch,” cried Sered, “he confines in his haram the woman on whom my soul delights. He shall return her to my arms, or I will hurl ruin upon his head.” He sent instantly to Tekah, requiring his presence upon concerns of importance; but all his arguments could not prevail on him to dismiss Nour Hali, and it was with difficulty Sered restrained himself from violence on the spot.

Tekah left the raving Sered, to determine some plan of vengeance himself. More than ever resolved on securing the reluctant maid, before accident should have power to tear her from his possession, he prepared a sumptuous collation, mingling with her sherbet the drug he had procured, and whose effects soon began to shade in torpor the senses of Nour Hali.—A slave, the only female servant in his house, conducted her to her chamber, while Tekah hastened to take possession of his ill-obtained prize. The first prayer of midnight was passed, when he advanced to the chamber of the slumbering virgin;—her cheeks were tinged with the vermillion of the rose, and innocence sported on her features. Tekah paused for a moment in silent and trembling awe. His scruples and his fears rushed again upon his soul—“What a wretch am I?” muttered he, “shall I destroy all the

hopes and tranquility of a bosom so serene?—Shall I become a monster, and be blasted by the frown of Omnipotence?—The gardens of paradise I could forego; for paradise possesses no sweet more perfect than this!—But shall I hazard eternal and inevitable destruction; shall I wake upon me the vengeance of inscrutable and unerring Alla? No, no; it must not be:—triumph, Nour Hali, thy virtue has conquered!’

At this moment a loud shout burst upon his ears. He retired from the chamber in disorder, when raising flames gleamed upon his sight, and cracking fire thundered around him. A slave whom he knew not, rushed toward him—“Save yourself,” he cried, “your palace is in flames; follow me”—“First,” cried Tekah, “duty demands me elsewhere. In yon chamber you will find a very valuable casket, preserve it. I depend on your honour.” The slave seized the casket, and hastening toward the garden, met Sered in his way—who was already searching the house in pursuit of Nour Hali, hoping to convey her away in the tumult himself had caused, by firing the palace of Tekah.

The slave, who was no other than Nolah, (whom fate had conducted to the spot the moment the flames burst forth,) no sooner perceived his former master in a situation where revenge could be re-

ceived unwitnessed, than he plunged his dagger into his bosom, and hurled him down the steps, escaping into the garden.

Tekah with difficulty rescued the sleeping maid from the flames; but having conveyed her to a place of safety, he returned to overlook the ruin. The devouring element, agitated by a boistrous wind, had changed its direction, and the palace of Sered meeting its rage, was, in a few moments levelled to the dust. Its iniquitous master was saved with difficulty from the tumbling roof, and being insensible from his wound and bruises, was conveyed to the house of a neighbour, where, in his delirium, he accused himself of so many crimes, together with the present outrage, that it became necessary to inform the Cadi, who issued a writing of detention, till the affair should be more minutely examined.

The palace of Tekah had suffered only in the womens' apartments; but the slave who had taken the jewels was no where to be found, and a reward was proclaimed for his recovery; to which his indiscretion in offering the gems for sale, soon after led.

Sered appealed from the power of the Cadi to an higher tribunal; and the Sultan resolved in person to witness the trial of a man, who had accused himself in the ravings of delirium.



The hall was extremely crowded, but Sered (though labouring under personal derangement) had recovered his reason; and there being no positive accusation, the sentence of acquittal was about to be pronounced, when the dervises Vishni and Salem entered the hall.

Unmindful of the royal presence, they advanced through the crowd, and placing themselves at the foot of the throne, Salem bowed thrice, and began—

“Sovereign of kings; deign to receive instruction from the incidents before you; and ye people, attend the moral of this transaction, and be wise!—Sered is guilty—because reason, without a dread of future punishment, is unable to restrain the violence of human passions: his own vices have brought upon him his present sufferings; already is the work of retribution begun. Tekah is innocent—not from inclination, but the force of education, which induced him to tremble at the consequence of crime. The first virtuous action of his life, arising from purity of intention, was preferring the safety of Nour Hali to his own, to the casket of jewels, and this action will be rewarded by the love of that amiable maid:—gratitude already fills her heart.—Her lover, the weak-minded Nolah, was rescued from death by my care. It was I who sent him to warn Tekah of his danger; but

the temptation was too strong; he fancied to escape detection, but the eye of Providence was upon him, and while he grasped the gems, he forfeited life and Nour Hali, who, from the moment she learns his perfidy, will despise and detest him.—O then! ye people! and thou, O Sultan! be assured, that if sometimes justice lifts the sword and poises the scale in this life, much more shall the next be accountable for the actions of the present! Vishni, who stands there, wrapped in confusion, is an evil genii, who insidiously, and by representing man in false but glittering colours, dazzles and deceives your minds; believe neither him nor his doctrine.” “And how,” cried the Sultan, “shall we believe thee?”—“This,” cried Salem, his eyes sparkling with heavenly fire, “this is the token of my truth!”

At that moment the hall was illumined with a blaze of impervious light. The forms of the dervises were lost in air; and on the spot where Vishni had stood remained only a heap of ashes.

---

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

---

#### THE LUNATIC.

No. 4.

My friends have had so little mercy in exposing what they term my lunacy, to the world, that I

cannot resist the opportunity I now have of retaliating upon them. My cousin Richard, who is the author of the following letter, has had no little influence in stirring up my uncle into the belief of my insanity. He has just arrived at the years of discretion; or to speak more properly, for his discretion I will not undertake to answer for, is just come of age.—Dick has been in love five times, since he first went into company, and is now discarded for the third time by his mistress. On this last occasion it was that this letter was written; and I must needs say, for the honour of the name, and for my cousin's understanding, I think it an excellent specimen of its kind. I have acknowledged, that I am somewhat influenced in the publication of it, by motives of resentment for Dick's treatment of me; but yet I must do myself the justice to say, that I am more by my regard for the interests of posterity.

*My dearest Susan,*

YES, my *dearest* Susan, for notwithstanding the coldness with which you have lately treated me, I am still forced to acknowledge that I love you. Nay, that very circumstance has only served to increase my passion for you, and to make me still more sensible of the pain, which the loss of you will occasion to me. Oh! my love, can you hope that after all the toil and pain I have endured to obtain your favour that I should

now relinquish it without a sigh; that I should give up every hope of happiness and become a wretched and despairing lover without being sensible of my loss. It cannot be—you cannot drive me from you and bid me forget that I ever knew you. You cannot bereave me of the remembrance of those charms, which first captivated me, and which have now captivated and are reserved for another.—Can I forget the vows you made me in the little arbour, our secret meeting place, which lies behind your garden?—Can I forget the promises, you then vouchsafed me of eternal constancy and love?—Susan, I cannot—neither can I remember them with pleasure since you have left me only the remembrance, and assure me that the reality will be no more. If he who now possesses your affections, shall ever make you the returns that I have done, may heaven bless you in the enjoyment of them; may it make him as happy as I have been, but never half so wretched. Bless you! yes, I could not curse you, were your sins ten thousand times more numerous than they are. Even then I would pray for you with my latest breath; I would invoke the choicest blessings of heaven upon your head, and rejoice to see you as fortunate and happy as you are fair and lovely.

The servant who brought me your final resolution tells me you are about to leave the city. And can you leave me to endure the



lingering pains and torments of a hopeless passion—will you refuse to administer one portion of consolation to your once most happy but now most miserable friend.— Oh ! Susan where is your boasted pity now—what has extinguished in your breast the tender solicitude you once took in relieving the sorrowful and afflicted. How often have I seen your generosity extended to the poor wretches who craved your charity at the door !— How often have I seen your heart bleed for the misery of others, who were perfect strangers to you !— And shall I be less the object of your care than they ? Am I not worthy of your least regard ?— Then farewell pity, for thou art no longer an inhabitant of the earth ! heaven only is thy dwelling-place, and its purest angel here below partakes but half thy nature !

And now, Susan, farewell to you. I will no longer trespass upon that time, which I know you think, should be devoted to another ; and when hereafter, in your new-sought lover's arms, you shall realize the first, the fondest wishes of your heart, remember the price at which you purchased them. Remember too, that with my last words I *blessed* you.

New-York, May, 1803. R. F.

*From Espritella's Letters, published by D. Longworth.*

LETTER LXXI.

WHETHER the Coxcomb be an animal confined to Europe I know

not, but in every country in Christendom he is to be found with the same generic character.

There is, however, no country in which there is so many varieties of the animal as in England ; none where he flourishes so successfully, makes such heroic endeavours for notoriety and enjoys so wide a sphere of it.

The highest order is that of those who have invented for themselves the happy title of Fashionables. These gentlemen stand highest in the scale of folly, and lowest in that of intellect, of any in the country ; inasmuch as the rivalry between them is, which shall excel his competitors in frivolity. There was a man in England half a century ago, well known for this singular kind of insanity, that he believed his soul had been annihilated within him while he was yet living. What this poor maniac conceived to have been done by his soul, these gentlemen have successfully accomplished for themselves with their intellect. Their souls might be lodged in a nutshell without incommoding the maggot who previously tenanted it ; and if the whole stock of their ideas were transferred to the maggot, they would not be sufficient to confuse his own. It is impossible to describe them, because no idea can be formed of infinite littleness ; you might as reasonably attempt to dissect a bubble, or to bottle moonshine, as to investigate their cha-

racters ; they prove satisfactorily the existence of a vacuum : the sum total of their being is composed of negative qualities.

One degree above or below these are the fops who appear in a tangible shape ; they who prescribe fashions to the tailor, that the tailor may prescribe them to the town : who decide upon the length of a neck-kerchief, and regulate the number of buttons at the knees of their breeches. One person has attained the very summit of ambition by excelling all others in the jet varnish of his boots. Infinite are the exertions which have been made to equal him,—the secret of projection could not be more eagerly desired than the recipe of his blacking : and there is one competitor whose boots are allowed to approach very near to the same point of perfection ; still they only approach it. This meritorious rival loses the race of fame by half a neck, and to such contests it is *aut Caesar aut nihil*. To have the best blacked boots in the world, is a worthy object of successful emulation ;—but to have only the second-best, is to be Pompey in the Pharsalia of Fashion.

During one period of the French Revolution the Brutus head-dress was the mode, though Brutus was at the same time considered as the Judas Iscariot of political religion ; being indeed at this day, to an orthodox Anti-Jacobine, what Omar

is to the Persians ; that is, something a great deal worse than the devil. ‘I suppose, sir,’ said a London hair-dresser to a gentleman from the country—‘I suppose, sir, you would like to be dressed in the Brutus style.’—‘What style is that ?’ was the question in reply. ‘All over frizzly, sir, like the Negers,—they be Brutes you know.’ If Apollo be the model of the day, these gentlemen wear stays ; if Hercules, the tailor supplies breasts of buckram, broad shoulders, and brawny arms. At present as the soldiers from Egypt have brought home with them broken limbs and ophthalmia, they carry an arm in a sling, or walk the streets with a green shade over the eyes. Every thing must now be Egyptian : the ladies now wear crocodile ornaments, and you sit upon a sphinx in a room hung round with mummies, and with the long, black, lean-armed, long-nosed, hieroglyphical men, who are enough to make the children afraid to go to bed. The very shopboards must be metamorphosed into the mode, and painted in Egyptian letters, which, as the Egyptians had no letters, you will doubtless conceive must be curious. They are simply the common characters, deprived of all beauty and all proportion by having all the strokes of equal thickness, so that those which should be thin look as if they had the elephantiasis.

Men are tempted to make



themselves notorious in England by the ease in which they succeed. The newspapers in the dearth of matter for filling their daily columns, are glad to insert any thing, —when one lady comes to town, when another leaves it; when a third expects her *accouchment*; the grand dinner of one gentleman, and the grand supper of another are announced before they take place; the particulars are given after the action, a list of the company inserted, the parties who danced together exhibited like the characters of a drama in an English bill of the play, and the public are informed what dances were called for, and by whom. There is something so peculiarly elegant and appropriate in the names of the fashionable dances, that it is proper to give you a specimen.—Moll in the Wad is one; you must excuse me for not translating this, for really I do not understand it. Drops of brandy, another; and two which are at present in high vogue are, The Devil among the Taylors, and Go to the Devil and shake yourself. At these balls the floors are chalked in colours in carpet patterns, a hint taken from the lame beggars who write their petitions upon the flagstones in the street. This is so excellently done, that one should think it would be painful to trample on and destroy any thing so beautiful, even though only made to be destroyed. These things indicate the same sort of want of feeling as the ice-palaces of Rus-

sia, and the statute of snow made by Michael Angelo at Pietro de Medici's command. We are surrounded in this world with what is perishable, that we may be taught to set our heart and hopes upon the immutable and everlasting;—it is ill done then to make perishableness the food of pride.

The system of visiting in high life is brought to perfection in this country. Were a lady to call in person upon all the numerous acquaintances whom she wishes sometimes to crowd together at her Grand Parties, her whole time would be too little to go from door to door. This, therefore, being confessedly impossible, the card-currency of etiquette was issued; and the name dropt by a servant, allowed to have the same saving virtue of civility as the real presence. But the servants began to find this a hard duty, and found out that they were working as postmen without any necessity for so doing; so they agreed at last to meet at certain pot-houses, and exchange cards, or leave them there as at a post-office, where each in turn calls to deposit all with which he is charged, and to receive all which are designed for him.

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A Few days ago, the weather being mild, and being fatigued with sedentary employment, I

walked out to enjoy a more active pleasure. It was about the close of day. The laborious rustic had just ended his toils,—The waggoner was just returning to give his cattle rest, and the ploughman travelled onwards to restore his expended vigour with the evening computation, and the nocturnal slumber. I approached a small church before which were several weeping willows, which seemed to mourn the fate of the departed mortals who lay around the humble sanctuary. My attention was immediately arrested by a female youth who walked the yard with a slow and solemn step, with her arms upraised and her hands clasped—her visage pale as the face of death—her countenance wild as if departed reason had not left a track behind. What emotions were excited within my bosom to be acquainted with the cause of her deplorable infelicity ! The very person is now before my eyes—methinks I see her gaze on the skies imploring him who has power to terminate her woe ; or languishing with many a restless night, lie under a sympathising willow and court the gentle sleep of death.

Perceiving at some distance from me a peasant come out of his cottage and advance towards me ; I waited his arrival in hopes that the curiosity which from the first sight of this afflicted beauty had fevered my mind\* would be gratified and my solicitude to perform

some consolatory ministrations would be relieved by knowing what office she stood in need of. The first wish was indulged but, alas ! as for the latter, no office which friendship could suggest or benevolence perform could avail to resuscitate her languished spirits, or enliven her benighted soul. The peasant simply informed me that in the vicinity of this place had lately lived a young man with whom Victoria had been intimate from her earliest memory. About three miles distant from their houses they went to school together when the sun was but just risen and returned when he was sinking in the west. In the summer they tripped o'er the verdant fields and in the winter Gulielmus broke the snowy path and Victoria followed. When he had ended the employment of the day, he always joined her in participating the sportive recreation ; in sailing on the waters by the moon's silver light ; in strolling through the neighbouring woods, or in uniting in the jocund dance. The whole parish became acquainted with their attachment for each other, and from their congenial tempers and inextinguishable love, thought heaven had predestined them for each other. To be short two years since they formed an engagement to marry, which they privately entered into, and never disclosed till two weeks ago, when Gulielmus asked consent of Victoria's father, which he refused with brutal disdain, declared that to his



refusal he would inexorably adhere, and immediately sent his daughter to a distant clime. This harrowed up the soul of the swain and produced so deep a gloom upon his mind that he, that very night retired to a place rendered awful by its thick shades and the wild shrieks of the birds of night, and there terminated his existence. Now Victoria was permitted to return. In the burial yard of that church where you see the melancholy girl, lies the body of her lover. Did you wish to see his grave, for as yet there is no stone, you would find it moistened with her tears. She steals from her home by day to visit it and it is known that she must have been there whole nights. Once a passenger that way, heard her say thus to herself, "Whilst thou lived, my Guelielmus, I lived happier than angel eloquence could paint. But now thou art no more, what is left to me but the remembrance of departed joys—how melancholy is the remembrance!—Oh! could'st thou break this fearful silence and live and move—but thou canst not—there must thou sleep, and here will I remain till I am with thee." In a month after this, Victoria was released from her sorrows—she bade adieu to earth and its dreary scenes, in which there was nothing to attach her regard, and dwelt in the same mansion with her unfortunate admirer. A monitory lesson to parents! who frequently give their children unnecessary pain by re-

fusing and persisting to reject the offers of matrimony which are made to them. The passion of love is above all others irresistible in its operations; it inspires an ardour before which all obstacles disappear and all hostility is overborne—it has inspired acts of heroism and deeds of magnanimity; man has faced death at its impulse, and the world has been revolutionized by its power.

HENRY LANSDOWN.

*New-York, March 14. 1808.*

### THE BIRTH OF PITY.

A

SENTIMENTAL FICTION.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, *Love* and *Joy*. Whenever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were insuperable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at mature years. But in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and *Astrea*,

with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse *Sorrow*, the daughter of *Até*. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, tho' mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her *Pity*. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in

tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. *Pity* was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she had made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and *Love* be again united to *Joy*, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

#### LUCRETIA GRENVILLE.

*The following extraordinary account of an attempt made by Lucretia Grenville, to assassinate the tyrant Oliver Cromwell, copied from a European Magazine, is a remarkable trait of female revenge. As it is probable very few of our readers are acquainted with the particulars, we believe it will be generally acceptable.*

THIS exalted female was betrothed



to Francis, Duke of Buckingham, at the time that he fell in battle by the hand of Cromwell himself, and upon receiving intelligence of the melancholy event, she swore to avenge his death on the murderer. During the three succeeding years, she exercised herself with pistols in firing at a portrait of Cromwell, which she had selected as a mark, that she might not be awed by the sight of the original; and, as soon as she found herself perfect, she sought an opportunity of gratifying her revenge. But Cromwell seldom appeared in public; and when he did, it was with such precaution, that few could approach his person.

An occasion at length occurred; the city of London resolved to give a magnificent banquet in honor of the Protector, who, either from vanity or with a political view, determined to make his entrance into London in all the splendor of royalty. Upon this being made public, the curiosity of all ranks was excited; and Lucretia Grenville resolved not to neglect so favourable an opportunity. Fortune herself seemed to second her purpose; for it so happened, that the procession was appointed to proceed through the very street in which she resided, and a balcony before the first story of her house yielded her full scope for putting her long premeditated design in effect.

On the appointed day she seated herself, with several other female companions, in the balcony, having on this occasion, for the first time since her lover's death, cast off her mourning, and attired herself in the most sumptuous apparel. It was not without the greatest exertions that she concealed the violent emotion under which she laboured: and when the increasing pressure of the crowd indicated the approach of Cromwell, it became so strong, that she near-

ly fainted, but, however, recovered just as the usurper arrived within a few paces of the balcony.

Hastily drawing the pistol from under her garment, she fearlessly took her aim, and fired; but a sudden start, which the lady who sat next to her made, on beholding the weapon, gave it a different direction than was intended, and the ball striking the horse rode by Henry, the Protector's son, it was laid dead at his feet. The circumstance immediately arrested the progress of the cavalcade; and Cromwell, at the same time that he cast a fierce look at the balcony, beheld a singular spectacle: about twenty females were on their knees imploring his mercy with uplifted hands, whilst one only stood undaunted in the midst of them, and looking down contemptuously on the usurper, "Tyrant! it was I who dealt the blow; nor should I be satisfied with killing a horse instead of a tiger, were I not convinced that, ere another twelvemonth has elapsed, Heaven will grant another that success which it has denied to me!"

The multitude, actuated more by fear than love, was preparing to level the house to the ground; when Cromwell cried aloud with the most artful *sang froid*, "Desist, my friends! alas! poor-woman, she knows not what she does," and pursued his course; but afterwards caused Lucretia to be arrested, and confined in a mad-house.



#### ANECDOTE OF MR. WESLEY.

In the course of his voyage to America, Mr. Wesley hearing an unusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe, (the governor of Georgia, with whom he sailed) stepped in to enquire the cause of

it ; on which the general immediately addressed him : " Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me, I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know, the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me the best of any. I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain, Grimaldi, (his foreign servant, who was present, and almost dead with fear) has drank up the whole of it. But I will be revenged of him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man of war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for *I never forgive.*" " Then I hope, sir, (said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him) *you never sin.*" The general was quite confounded at the reproof ; and putting his hand into his pocket, took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, " There, villain, take my keys, and behave better for the future."

.....

INDOLENCE.

Indolence is a kind of cowardly sloth which gives a disgust of every thing that can, in the least degree, fatigue either the mind or the body. Those in whom it predominates, will not be fond of study, because they will not take the trouble that is required to learn any thing : thus the benefits of education, and all the talents and accomplishments which it ought to

impart, are lost for ever. Indolence is not only detrimental to the developement of the understanding, it likewise stifles all the good qualities of the heart. It is a defect which is extremely difficult to be overcome.

.....

LIGHT ARTICLES.

A Butcher's boy, from the fly-market, carrying his tray on his shoulder, accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and discomposed her dress. " The *deuce* take the *tray*," cried the lady, in a passion. " Madam," replied young *rump-steak*, very gravely, " the *deuce* cannot take the *tray*."

A pretty little gentleman, being asked what services he would perform in case of a war with France or England, replied, that he should stay at home to comfort and defend the Ladies. " Aye," cried a smart young Miss, " *defend yourself* under the *disguise* of a *petticoat*."

A prisoner being brought up, the following dialogue passed between him and the magistrate. " How do you *live* ?" " Pretty well, sir ; generally a *little beef and pudding at dinner* !" " I mean, sir, how do you *get your bread* ?" " I beg your worship's pardon ; sometimes at the *baker's*, and sometimes at the *grocer's shop*." " You may be as witty as you please, sir, but I mean *simply* to ask you, *how you do* ?" " *Tolerably well, I thank you, sir ; I hope your worship is well.*"



A certain Quack Doctor being indisposed, sent for a physician, who expressed some surprise at being called in on so trifling an occasion; "Not so *trifling*, neither," said he, for, by mistake, I have taken some of *my own* cordial!"

A clergyman, seeing his son about to drink a glass of brandy, said, "Son, don't drink that filthy stuff; ardent spirits is the worst enemy you have." "I know that father," replied the son, but you know we are commanded to *love our enemies*—so here it goes."

A young gentleman, a few evenings since, at the theatre, observed that it was a pity Cinderella did not speak. A very beautiful woman, with a pair of bright sparklers, replied, "Then, sir, I perceive you do not understand the language of the eyes." "Not till this moment, madam," returned the gentleman, with a languishing look. The lady sent the shaft so forcibly, that it is imagined the wound can be cured only at Hymen's altar.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Limbertongue will pardon our not publishing his observations. On such a subject, the lightest touches are preferable to severity of satire. We assure him, notwithstanding, that we entertain a favourable opinion of his abilities, and invite him to continue his favours.

The lines sent us by M. C. are too faulty for publication.—We recommend a careful revision of them.

#### MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, the 3d inst. by the rev. John N. Abeel, Edward Kemeys, Esq. to Miss Gertrude Neilson Blecker, eldest daughter of Mr. L. Blecker, all of this city.

On Friday, the 6th inst. by the rev. Mr. C. Seabury, Mr. John Fell, merchant, to Miss Mary Saltonstall, daughter of the late R. Saltonstall, Esq. of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. William M'Laughlin, a native of Ireland, to the Widow Duryee, of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 30th ult. by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Cornelius S. Van Winkle, to Miss Lucinda E. Sherman, both of this city.

At Newark, Mr. Thomas Hodgkinson, of this city, to Miss Catharine Halsey.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Waddell, Mr. George, White, of Philadelphia, to Miss Jane Irwin, of Trenton.

#### DIED,

On Tuesday morning, at Kip's Bay, Mrs. Margaret Kip, in the 67th year of her age.

On Saturday last, Mrs. Amy Denning, wife of William Denning, Esq. in the 61st year of her age.

At Hammersmith, near London, on the 17th of March last, at an advanced age, Mr. John Rice, formerly an old inhabitant of this city, and many years Organist of Trinity Church.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH,  
No. 46 Fair-street.



## LITTLE THINGS ARE BEST.

*A Jue D'sprit.*

Addressed to Miss C—, a little, *short*  
Lady.

WHEN any thing abounds, we find  
That nobody will have it,  
But when there's *little* of the kind,  
Dont all the people crave it?

If wives are evils, as 'tis known  
And woefully confess'd,  
The man whose wise will surely own  
A *little* one is best.\*

The god of love's a *little* wight,  
But beautiful as thought;  
Thou too art *little*, fair as light,  
And every thing—in *short* †

O, happy girl! I think thee so,  
For mark the poet's § song—  
"Man wants but *little* here below,  
"Nor wants that *little long*!"

\* See *Josephus de Uxoribus*—a very  
ancient and *serious* jest.

† *Nulla voluptas longa est Seneca.*

§ Drs. Goldsmith, and Young.

## THE WINTER OF THE MIND.

YONDER streamlet, softly flowing,  
Sooths the mind to peace and love:  
Gentle zephyrs, mildly blowing,  
Waft the fragrance of the grove.

Sportful lambs, no care foreseeing,  
Gambol daily on the green;  
On each spray, in joy agreeing,  
Feather'd warblers greet the scene.

Nature wears her finest features,  
Clad in robe of brightest hue;  
Happy seem all Nature's creatures,  
Man alone finds sorrow true.

But when Winter, fiercely frowning,  
Rudely grasps the torpid year,  
Torrents Nature's beauties drowning,  
Nought of verdure's left to cheer.

Vernal loveliness decaying,  
Leaves in triumph, frost to reign;  
Lambs forget their summer's playing:  
Not a flow'ret decks the plain.

Birds forget the notes of pleasure,  
Some have fled to milder shores;  
Robin's ask the peasant's treasure,  
Whilst the wind tempestuous roars.

Thus the scene of Nature shifting,  
Chills the heart, and prompts the sigh,  
Fallen snow in heaps is drifting,  
Desolation hovers nigh.

Yet shall Spring, with joyful greeting,  
Bid Creation smile again;  
Winter sheds with quick retreating,  
Pleasure gladdens all the plain.

But not so the *soul of sorrow*;  
Grief, the winter of the mind,  
Knows of joy no coming morrow;  
Doom'd no spring, no peace to find.

'Tis alas! my fate to languish;  
Misery is my lot below:  
Nought on earth can ease my anguish,  
Nought can sooth this weight of wo.

But when Mercy ends my being,  
Care shall fly this wasted form;  
Whilst my soul, from sorrow fleeing,  
Heeds no more the threatening storm.